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## Fire Glow.

JOHN L. CORLEY, 1902.

Without to-night  
The air is damp and dense and drear and cold  
No starlight streams across the sombre sky,  
And chilled the fields in desolation lie,  
As though the hidden powers of darkness hold  
The world to-night.

Within to-night  
Yon grate throws out its melancholy glow,  
And shadows creep along the lonely walls;  
One climbs above the rest, then stagg'ring falls,  
And leaves a speck of light as love burnt low

Within to-night.

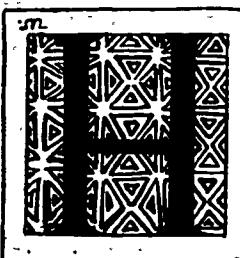
Without to-night,  
Though darkness wraps the silent, dripping earth,  
And drear may seem the world that once was gay,  
The glow that sends those shadows on their way  
To worlds of joy unto my soul gives birth

Within to-night.

'Tis true, 'tis true,  
That same fire-glow to others oft has lent  
Sweet fancy-joys that shape to rhythmic speech;  
The joy they felt I feel, but can not reach  
The power to sing, and unheard it is spent  
Within to-night.

## In Service,—Warlike and the Other.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, 1902.



UNTER held the door half open when he answered:

"Yes; Roy's letter will go early in the morning!"

Miss Ralston eagerly detained him to ask:

"He could never suspect?"

"O Vera, don't ask me!" Hunter spoke up quickly. "I've felt like a thief or a murderer, or what not, for the last month. Ever since

that night,—well the one at the Creighton when one of us said something about love, Roy's face has haunted me nightly since then!"

"But, George, is it so wrong to have told the truth?" Vera asked while abstractedly dangling a golden heart which hung from her neck.

"You didn't know! Let me go on; I'm not myself yet. If I am capable of loving any person that person should be a man, that man should be Roy Stockton. Why I'd give my life for him; as it is, I am not sure but I shall. Then to think that he left his intended wife,—his very heart—in my hands! These! Oh, I'm to blame,—I'm to blame! Go back where it is warm, Vera, the vestibule has grown cold; and,—good night!"

George Hunter hurried out to the cabman.

## II.

When Captain Stockton left Nebraska with his company on two years' Phillipine service there was no one, the kindly-hearted old Colonel included, more genuinely missed by Omaha society folk. Stockton was not so handsome, nor so wealthy, nor, in fact, was he particularly accomplished. In more ways than one, however, he was a fellow of the right sort; one of the kind nearly everyone likes without cold calculations as to the reason.

There had been nothing surprising in Stockton's engagement to Miss Ralston. By the set Miss Ralston was thought the gainer, and probably she was. Nor was there anything extraordinary in Stockton's confidence in his life-long friend, Hunter. Men grown to middle-age, who have bunked together in the tryingest of all times,—those of early settlement and state-making—learn that real security is not found under lock or key.

"George," Stockton had said in Hunter's private office the night before the Fifteenth started, "I know my going has pretty much

broken Vera up. There are few partings harder than this. It isn't that I weaken at the eleventh hour,—if my eyes apparently do." Here he nervously brushed his forehead. "There are duties, you know, wherein our own selfish happinesses count for little. As like as not I shall never see either of you again; but let us not talk of that, nor of much else—I'm all out of sorts. I have just bid Vera good-bye. She won't be at the station to-morrow. I told her that since my parents' death there were but two persons on this whole big world I really loved. The two were—she and you! Yes, and I believe I named you first. Anyway, George, you know what I mean. Should things not go exactly right with me,—well, I shall feel that she'll be looked after. You will do it, George?"

"Before God, Roy, I promise!" Hunter answered startled by the agitation in his own voice.

"Thanks, and good night, old man, we both need sleep." Stockton continued: "Write often, both of you. Brace up, George, this is *my* night to be womanish. When you take your noon meal I'll be dreaming Nebraska dreams; I'll be at camp duty when you are at rest. Awake or asleep, mind you, my heart will be with you two!"

This last reached the unbearable, and for a full minute the two men wept in strong embrace; then Stockton left the building, and mechanically headed for the armory.

### III.

Miles of bunting and pounded drums do not ease the soldier's heart-ache. At most all intoxications are temporary. The battle-wise but look knowing, and feel sort of sorry for the fledglings swollen up with the earlier symptoms of patriotism. Successive towns lined with the curious and the parting Godsends, so well done up in rounded phrases by those office-holders, whose sole credential is this facility for saying happy things, do not get within that blue flannel shirt worn by the veteran. Stockton had none of the glamour to brace him. He went undeviated, and thereby did no more than thousands have done,—he did no less either.

Next came days of invigorating sea-life, marred but by overloaded transports and—thoughts. Then came the first storm. They knew the tropical sun was on them when, after three days and nights of merciless rockings, they were set in a calm of hellish heat. If the

patriotism had noticeably oozed out the pores of the recruits, the deathly sickness sapped them of their finer home longings, too. It is not that the army is so demoralizing, or, maybe it is; but what could you expect from the contact with those whose trade is in human lives?

### IV.

At home of a Sunday afternoon Hunter would saunter up to Judge Ralston, and, after more ceremonious endeavor, Miss Vera and himself would seek some corner to talk of their friend. Two more loyal friends never sat in converse. The last letter, the latest governmental bulletin, Stockton's first siege with the fever; then,—a subject for endless comment—his first battle. Surely there was enough to talk of. So too, Hunter, true as the truest, sent out his weekly letter in which he recounted every last happening of local interest. Occasionally he took Vera to the opera, or went with her for a drive. There was no doubting the sincerity of the two.

Stockton was a happy man if he had even two tried friends; the friends were happy to have so much of a man to merit their devotion. But the friends,—were they yet fully tried? Habit is about the only miracle-doer in these times, and frequently certain circumstances and marks of preferences have grown insidious before their existence is imagined. The two, their interest centred on a third, scarcely felt the bonds binding them. The consequence was but natural: they merely drifted with the current. Thus a year had passed.

One night the next winter Miss Ralston and Hunter went to a drama at the Creighton. This had the conventional plot; that is to say, one man most abnormally brave and good, with his counterpart as hopelessly a coward and bad. In the second act, when the hero was left with the dead, supposedly at Brandywine, some tears, not make-believe, escaped the more volatile eyes. The scenic effect was clever, and the situation showed joyless enough. Vera had appeared nervous and unnatural throughout the evening, and when the young colonel was deserted for dead she caught Hunter's arm and fell back in a fainting-fit. George was much alarmed, and censured himself for inflicting a play of this kind on the young lady. She had not looked well for months. They left the theatre at once; and when in the coach, Vera said: "I feel very strangely to-night, George. I

thought I saw Roy there in the trenches."

"Calm yourself, Vera," George spoke sympathetically, while it flashed across his mind what it must be for a man to be cared for so much. "Your feelings became overwrought, that's all;" and as they passed under an arc-light he added: "There! there's more color in your face now."

"George, I felt so strangely; I—"

"Never mind, Vera; he'll come back all right. I do wish I could go out there," continued, George, "and take his place for awhile. That man has forsaken heaven for hell!"

"You go too? I couldn't bear it!" she whispered.

"I'm tempted to ask why?" George questioned, unguardedly.

"Because I'm afraid it's *you* I love!" she confessed, impetuously.

"Don't say it, don't say it!" George cried, and instinctively caught at the door-latch, while he felt like a criminal just sentenced to death. Luckily the coach here entered the Ralston driveway, and Hunter, grown quite speechless, saw the young lady to the door where he said in parting:

"Forget to-night; we're not natural. Something is radically wrong. I trust both of us will feel better in the morning!"

Of course it had to be the following morning, cut up and miserable as Hunter felt, when he should get this letter. The envelope was so bethumbed that one might imagine its trip from the tropics had sun-tanned it. The letter read:—

Some unspellable place miles from nowhere.

GEORGE:—I'll write to you this time. You needn't show this to Vera. I got a little scratch yesterday,—if more how could I write? I couldn't write at all if it were very serious, could I? They ambushed us, and killed hard and fast until we were reinforced. The wily devils! I wasn't in the rear either, I guess. The surgeon said something about an operation. Say,—the fellow that stole this pencil and paper over to me tells me I must stop. I don't know which way to look to see you two the nearer,—toward the setting or the rising sun. I'll lie now facing the west. God knows I can't sleep! Don't tell Doctor I have written. Roy.

However pale the writer of that note may have been, he could not have been whiter than was its reader. Hunter jumped to his feet, and paced up and down the office floor; finally he took his hat and went out to the open, he felt he could think clearer in the air. Why had he not read of Stockton's wound in the war bulletin? Could Roy be the captain commended for bravery in action whose name in

print was Stockman? Hunter was not looking for theatrical situations; but he did wish himself sweltering in one particular, ill-contrived field hospital in poor Stockton's stead. Before Heaven he did! Men are not all so fickle-minded; even yet will you find an occasional Damian.

For four weeks Hunter did not call at Judge Ralston's. He exercised a rather slow-acting imagination, and manufactured bits about Stockton's welfare that altogether respected the wounded man's wishes.

The short conversation opening this sketch took place the first evening Hunter saw Vera after their experience at the Creighton. He was satisfied the young lady's feelings had been overwrought that night; she could not possibly care more for him than for Stockton. By the stars above, how could she? Could sacrifice and bravery come so cheaply!

As for himself, his admiration for Vera Ralston had had all its inflammable qualities snuffed out when he read of her engagement to Stockton. That was nearly three years back. Since then his loyalty to both would not let him confess to himself even that he had cared for the girl. How true he had been to his friend, and how hard at times that had been for him, can not be written up as are battle accounts and hill stormings. Nevertheless, his courage and manhood had likewise been under fire, and a fire more constant, and one sometimes more destructive in its consequences, than that of shells and bullets. He never paused to think of himself except to shrink in horror from that one moment when he had so nearly weakened.

## VI.

In April Stockton, wasted and pain-worn, was put on the hospital ship and started for San Francisco. The colonel cabled Hunter that Stockton was bound for home. The head surgeon came to the gang plank and pressed the wounded man's hand more feelingly than is a surgeon's wont, and wished him Godspeed.

"Heaven's pity! That man won't live four days out!" he said to the ship captain, and that very feelingly too; then with a hard look the surgeon went back to his duties at the hospital. At times the best of surgeons are mistaken, so tenaciously do some spirits cling to this mortal clay. The accounts of pain and suffering are never pleasant. Hour after hour of deathly sickness and nights of sheer madness were Stockton's lot on his home trip.

But he lived. On his arrival he was held at the San Francisco hospital for six weeks. He did not know Hunter as his friend clung to him and shoulder to shoulder with him fought death. Stockton seldom mentioned Vera's name except in attacks of delirium.

The last week in June they moved Stockton home—a sorry sight he was. Yet he now knew he was home, in the happiness of which he took new strength, and one by one slowly retraced the steps to health. He accepted Vera's protestations as but natural; he looked at Hunter with that unshaken confidence with which he always had,—perhaps with more confidence, but that could not have been.

The following January Miss Ralston and Major Stockton were married. Society made much of the marriage,—it was so romantic, the devotees said. In the saying of which, society came nearer the truth than it knew.



#### Famous Horses of Fiction and History.

—  
F. J. M.  
—

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!—RICHARD III.

The horse is the noblest of quadrupeds. His name is associated forever with that of the hero and the warrior: the fate of nations has often danced to the music of his clattering hoofs. All the glory of chivalry, tournaments and jousts rest upon him; and what is the charge of the "Light Brigade" without him! The Muses have created other horses besides those in history and also elaborated upon those of the historian.

Hengist and Horsa, besides being men with equine names, likewise seem to waver between mythology and history, and, therefore, can not be counted among the famous horses. Still we can not fail to mention the horse of Troy, although he was of wood and not much more than a gigantic saw-horse. The priest Laocoön suspected this wooden gift horse as much as a man might suspect the teeth of a gift horse of flesh and blood when he said:

"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes."

Homer also sings of the horses of Achilles, Xanthus and Balius of immortal breed and Pedasus which was

Like in strength, in swiftness and in grace  
A mortal courser matched the immortal race.

Phaeton's runaway is probably the most famous on record. Just contrary to this is

Alexander's subjugation of Bucephalus. It is pleasant to think of the youthful Alexander's conquest of this frantic horse, in the palmy days of his father, Philip, as the prefigurative in the drama of his successful life. It seems queer to me that Alexander should retain the name Bucephalus for his favourite; evidently the mellifluous language of Greece lends grace to an epithet which sounds harsh in English.

The horse that bore the "Man of Destiny" in his conquest of Europe was called Marengo. How did he not centaur-like paw the earth, arch his proud neck and throw his glittering eye-balls to and fro when the French bugler blew the blast of victory at Austerlitz, Marengo and Lodi; but standing on a knoll before the fatal field of Waterloo, did the chafing mouth grow quiet, the frenzied eye-balls stare in repose, and the arched neck become lax when the last remnant of the grand old national guard was mown down, and Wellington on Copenhagen flaked with the foam and dust of victory appeared in the dusk; and when he galloped on the retreat through that serene moonlit night, before Blucher's savage cavalry, did he feel with his rider the bitter pangs of despair.

The horse of Arabia is the most celebrated of the equines. His genealogy can almost compare with the unbroken dynasties of the Mikados. An Arab swears that his horse has descended from the stables of Solomon. The best description of this horse is probably given by George Borrow in his story "The Bible in Spain." I shall cite part of the quotation given by Mr. Augustine Birrell in his criticism of Borrow.

"Good are the horses of the Moslems," said my old friend,... "Good are our horses and good our riders. Yea, very good are the Moslems at mounting the horse; who are like them? I once saw a Frank rider compete with a Moslem on this beach, and at first the Frank rider had it all his own way and he passed the Moslem; but the course was long, very long, and the horse of the Frank rider, which was a Frank horse also, panted; but the horse of the Moslem panted not, for he was a Moslem also, and the Moslem rider at last gave a cry, and the horse sprang forward and overtook the Frank horse, and the Moslem rider stood up in his saddle. How did he stand? Truly he stood on his head, and these eyes saw him. He stood on his head, in the saddle, as he passed the Frank rider; and he cried

'ha! ha!' as he passed the Frank rider, and the Moslem horse cried 'ha! ha!' as he passed the Frank breed, and the Frank lost by a far distance. Good are the Franks, good are their horses, but better are the Moslems, and better are the horses of the Moslems."

Cervantes has created Rozinante, which he says was worse than Gonela's *qui tantum pellis et ossa fuit*, though the Don thought him better than Alexander's Bucephalus and Cid's Babieca. But the story of John Gilpin's fractious horse is pure comedy. The melancholy Cowper was evidently in a streak of good humor when he wrote:

Away went Gilpin neck or nought,  
Away went hat and wig.  
He little dreamt when he set out  
Of running such a rig.

It is the old story of the man who can not ride put in charming verse. The man who rode the horse that "brought the good news from Aix to Ghent," evidently was no such rider as Gilpin.

And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine  
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,  
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)  
Was no more than his due who brought good news  
from Ghent.

When a child no poem delighted me more than "Mazepa's Ride." It is odd that Charles the Twelfth should fall asleep while the Cossack tells so wonderful a tale. The following description of the Ukraine flock is thrilling:

A trampling troop: I see them come!  
In one vast squadron they advance.  
I strove to cry—my lips were dumb.  
The steeds rush on in plunging pride;  
But where are they the reins to guide?  
A thousand horse and none to ride!  
With flowing tail and flying mane,  
Wide nostrils—never stretched by pain—  
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,  
And feet that iron never shod,  
And flanks unscur'd by spur or rod.

Paul Revere's horse, whose hoofs struck the fire of patriotism from the stones of New England, that burnt out King George's tyranny in the United States, is immortalized by Longfellow in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn." Sheridan's coal-black charger, the equine hero of the Rebellion, into whose twenty-mile dust cloud the defeat of Cedar Creek betook itself, is also sung in rime. The horses of Pharaoh will last with the Exodus. The horse Grizzle appears in William Coombe's "Tours of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque":

The reins hung loosely from his hand,  
While Grizzle senseless of command,  
Unguided, pac'd the road along,  
Nor knew if it was right or wrong.  
Through the deep vale and up the hill,  
By rapid stream or tinkling rill,  
Grizzle her thoughtful master bore,  
Who, counting future treasure o'er,  
And on his weighty projects bent,  
Observed not whither Grizzle went.

Miles Gerald Keon, who was certainly a fancier in horses, built his classic novel, "Dion and the Sybils," greatly upon Sejanus, the demoniac, man-eating horse. The spectacle in the arena, where Paulus riders this carnivorous steed, may be compared to the Chariot Race in "Ben Hur."

Students in Latin and Greek ride "ponies," sorry, nameless nags they are; but the student in rimes and metres is carried aloft into the regions of inspiration by Pegasus, the mighty winged horse, who helped Bellerophon slay the Chimera. The "pooka" or "puca" of old Irish folk lore was somewhat Protean, still we usually hear of him as a sleek, terrible steed that spoke in a human voice.

This essay would not be complete without the horses that won fame on the race-course. The race-horse was bred in England from Arab stock. Here is a quatrain from an old calendar:

Which horse that best may ren  
Three myles the course was then.  
Who that might ryde him should  
Have forty pounds of redy gold.

The best English racer was Flying Childe's that ran four miles in six minutes and forty-eight seconds. Others were the Godolphin, Arabian, Eclipse, Matchem, Loth, Herod, Diomed and Blair Athol, that sold for the great sum of 10,000 guineas. The American racer, although of English blood, is a distinct horse developed and made famous by Hiram Woodruff. The best were Dexter, Flora, Temple, Lady Suffolk, Goldsmith Maid, Maud S., Jay-Eye-See, Sunal and Nancy Hanks. Powderface is the name of the horse that bore "Buffalo Bill" through his wonderful adventures.

Among the other fictitious horses are Bayard, Rinaldo's horse, once owned by the celebrated knight Amadis de Gaul; the houyhnhnms endowed with reason, created by the satirical Swift; and the highwayman's horse in Lorna Doone. Later are the Deacon's "ewe-necked rat-tailed bay;" Old Gunpowder in the midnight adventures of Ichabod Crane and Black Beauty written up by Anne Sewall.

## Varsity Verse.

## STRENGTH.

TIS strength alone can give abiding joy;  
 Through life the strong man goes without a fear;  
 No doubt or hesitancy makes him veer  
 From out his course. That vessel is a toy  
 Which turns with every wave, tossed like the buoy—  
 The steamship straight ahead her course doth steer,  
 Unharassed by the waves that upward rear  
 Their white-topped crests, unable to annoy.

The throbs of night are in her curving sides;  
 Her sharp prow cuts the waters as she goes;  
 Hers ever is unbended majesty.  
 In her, in strong men, peacefulness abides;  
 Each, storms innumerable and raging knows—  
 One cleaves the boundless main and one life's sea.

F. C. S.

## TO MY FRIEND, F. T. F.

That life was ours which bears the calm impress  
 Of other lands where suns and autumn showers  
 Bring nought but treasures for the fruit and flowers;  
 Where love might last like a fond caress,  
 Unknown to Sorrow's or to Hate's address.  
 Thus shall it be through life's unknown hours,  
 Through winter's blast and summer's shady bower,  
 A whisper of eternal blessedness.

Dear friend, in this sweet yoke I seem to see  
 The hand of God come through the evening shade,  
 And bind us with the silken web of prayer.  
 Nor shall they rend this holy bond till we,  
 Like shadows on the summer sea, shall fade  
 In very love before the throne of thrones.

J. H.

## LIFE.

A gold-tipped cloud 'gainst a summer sky,  
 A sun-kissed wave on a southern sea;  
 A sweet perfume where the violets lie,  
 A gust of wind—and eternity.

A drop of dew on a frail grass blade,  
 That melts in the glow of the morning sun;  
 The spot of light and the spot of shade  
 That pass 'neath the grove trees one by one.

A mote of soot on an altar spread,  
 That mars the sheen of the linens white,  
 Or the glow of light where the ships are led,  
 O'er a restless sea in the lonely night.

J. L. C.

## OUR MOTHER.

Our mother sleeps in her chair to-day,  
 While o'er her checkered sunbeams play;  
 Caressing hands that plainly show  
 The paths that she is wont to go,  
 Performing acts of love each day,  
 Inspiring gladness along her way;  
 Love guides at home her gentle sway,  
 And we are blessed because we know  
 Our mother.

God spare her, all her children pray,  
 And grant the time be far away  
 When we must wake in gloom and woe  
 To see His angels hovering low;  
 And feel they've come to take away  
 Our mother.

W. H. T.

## Henry II. and Adrian.

JOHN JOSEPH HENNESSY, 1902.

One of the great events recorded in history is the landing of the English in Ireland for the first time in the year 1169, and the landing of King Henry II. a few years later. No one has ever denied this statement, but one important circumstance connected with this fact has given rise to much dispute. It is said that Henry had in his possession a Bull, which was granted him by Pope Adrian IV., and which gave him permission to invade Ireland. Some deny, while others positively assert, the authenticity of this Bull; a few say it never existed; many try to prove that it was only a skilful forgery, and still others say that the Bull was really granted by the Pope. As the subject has given rise to much controversy, and is in itself interesting, the first question to be asked is:

Who are those personages that cause so much dispute among writers? The first is King Henry II. of England, the son of Matilda, daughter of Henry I., and granddaughter to William the Conqueror. On the death of Henry I., Matilda claimed the crown, but many said that a woman should not rule, and Henry's nephew, Stephen, ascended the throne. Civil wars ensued, and peace was not restored until the Treaty of Wallingford, in which an agreement was made, which decreed that Matilda's son, Henry, should succeed Stephen. Stephen was the last of the Norman kings, and Henry II. was the first of the Angevins or Plantagenets. From his father, Count Geoffrey of Anjou, he received the title of Angevin, and the name Plantagenet came from his father's habit of wearing on his helmet a sprig of the gold-blossomed broom plant, called by the French, *Plante-génét*. In 1154 he ascended the throne of England, and besides this he inherited through his father and mother, Anjou, Maine, Touraine and Normandy; and with his wife Eleanor, the divorced Queen of France, he received Aquitaine. Leave Henry now for a few minutes to seek for something about Adrian.

Nicholas Brecspear was born in Langley, England, and thus a subject of Henry's. His parents were poor, and Nicholas had to seek his own welfare. An Irishman had something to do with him in his young days. In the monastery of Saint James at Ratisbon, under

the tutorship of Marianus, an Irish monk, he was taught the arts and sciences, and there he imbibed the ecclesiastical spirit. Nicholas became a monk, and afterward abbot of Saint Rufus at Arles. He went to Rome, and so won the favor of Pope Eugenius III. that he was kept there and raised to the dignity of a cardinal. Soon after he was sent on a mission as Apostolic Legate to Sweden and Norway. He returned to Rome in 1154, and was raised to the papacy as Adrian IV., successor to Anastasius IV., who reigned only sixteen months. Adrian IV. was the first and last Englishman that ever sat on the papal chair, and no sooner was he in possession of that seat than Henry II., who was about the same time crowned King of England, sent to him John of Salisbury with a letter in which Adrian's virtue was extolled and in which his civil power was, if anything, exaggerated. Henry reminded him that all the Catholic countries were his subjects, and wound up by enumerating all the vices that prevailed in Ireland, and told of his own pious intention of visiting that island to bring the people back to God, and finally he asked the Pope's permission to go to Ireland.

Lingard, speaking of this, says: "Within a few months after his coronation, John of Salisbury, a learned monk and afterwards Bishop of Chartres, was despatched to solicit the aid of Pope Adrian."

In 1155 John returned to present Henry with the pope's permission to invade Ireland. In the Bull, which can be found entire in Latin and English in almost any history of England and Ireland, or in any church history, we read:

"You have, our well-beloved son in Christ, advertised and signified unto us that you will enter into the land and realm of Ireland, to the end to bring those people into obedience unto the law and under your subjection, and to root out from among them their foul sins and wickedness. We therefore, well allowing and favoring this your goodly disposition and commendable affection, do accept, ratify and assent unto this your petition, and do grant that you, for the dilating of God's Church, the punishment of sin, the reforming of manners, the planting of virtue and the increasing of the Christian religion, do enter and possess that land, and there execute, according to your wisdom, whatsoever shall be for the honor of God and the safety of the realm; and further also do we strictly charge and

require that all the people of that land do with all humbleness, dutifulness and honor, receive and accept you as their liege lord and sovereign."

By this Bull the Irish are to be brought into obedience to the law, and under Henry's rule, and their foul sins must be rooted out from among them, and all this is to be done by the man that married Eleanor the divorced queen of France; the man who said: "Will none of the cowards who eat my bread rid me of that turbulent priest"—Saint Thomas à Becket, who was murdered by four men who came to perform Henry's will. It was this man who required that the clergy should be held strictly responsible to the crown, so that in case of a dispute the final appeal should not be to the Archbishop or the Pope, but to the king of England. It was this man, "who," to use the words of Gerald Barry, "in the year he came to reform the Irish Church, kept on hands, one archbishopric, five bishoprics and three abbeys; who in anger was a lion, and chewed straw like a madman; who paid no regard to the obligations of an oath, and scarce ever forgave those whom he hated; such was the head of the reformatory missionaries in Ireland"—Ireland, a nation ever an obedient, faithful daughter of Rome.

In what condition physical and moral should we expect to find Ireland in the eleventh and twelfth centuries? For almost three centuries previous to the English invasion, she was warred upon by the Danes and other Northern, semi barbaric tribes. Her sanctuaries were polluted, her priests butchered; her high and holy offices were seized and bestowed by the invaders on some of their followers. The Danes knew no laws of morality. All the vices of the invaders were put down to the credit of the Irish themselves, and represented as such to Adrian who, instead of relieving them, only sent them from Charybdis to Scylla. Ireland to revive, to recall her ancient sanctity, wanted only a reprieve from foreign invaders; she wanted to be left unmolested. However, bad as she was, she could not have been half so bad as was Henry and his missionary band, who have been called heathenish in their conduct towards the Irish churches.

Henry's principal confrères were John de Courcey, Fitzadelm and William of Worcester, who plundered Armagh and burned every church in the county; Henry de Montmorisco, who, in cold blood, hurled scores of individuals

from the Rock of Carrick; Hamo de Valois and De Lacy who plundered Dublin and Clonmacnois; Strongbow who has been called the greatest tyrant ever since the days of Turgesius; and Philip of Worcester and William Hail, who were distinguished by their cruelty and oppression, and whose consciences would be irritated if they spared a church. In this there was little hope of reform for the Irish church.

Up to the time of Adrian's grant, Ireland had never been conquered; she overcame all invaders, and on Good Friday, April 23, 1014, Brian Boru completely defeated the Danes. One incident of this great battle, or rather an incident which happened before it, will show better than man can otherwise ever prove, the strong religious spirit which existed among the Irish in the eleventh century. The Danes and Brian's forces did not intend to meet until after Easter; but the former, well knowing the religious feelings of their opponents, decided to sound the battle cry on the morning of Good Friday, thus hoping that Brian's soldiers would refuse to fight on a day so sacred to them. Brian used all the means in his power to put off the battle for at least a day, but it was no use. The Danes had determined to form a battle line with every man of theirs on the plain of Clontarf and sweep everything before them if they met no resistance. However, Brian decided to meet them, and he turned the feast of the day to his own advantage. When both armies were drawn up in battle array, and just before the signal for action was given, Brian rode in front of his men and addressed them a few words of encouragement; he reminded them of the outrages offered to their priests, of the sacrileges committed before their altars, of the murder of their sires and their babes, and then, with one hand waving triumphantly his sword, while with the other he raised on high a crucifix, he exclaimed: "Was it not on this day that our Lord suffered death for you?"

History tells us that it was the fervor and thirst for vengeance, with which these words inspired the soldiers, that gave them so signal and complete a victory. There is an example of the religious spirit which the English in 1169 wished to convey to the Irish, and for the introduction of which King Henry landed on that island in 1171, having in his possession Adrian's Bull and also a Confirmatory Bull of Alexander III. In this Bull of Alexander's we read:

"We, well considering and pondering the

grant and privilege for and concerning the dominion of the land of Ireland to us appertaining and lately given by Adrian, our predecessor, and following his steps, do in like manner confirm, ratify and allow the same;... Provided also that the barbarous people of Ireland by your means be reformed and recovered from their filthy life and abominable conversation; that as in name, so in life and manners, they may be Christian, and that, as that rude and disordered church by being by you reformed, the whole nation may also with the possession of the name be in acts and deeds the same."

Some writers tell us that these Bulls were of no use whatever in aiding Henry to perform his mission of conquest in Ireland. Perhaps not after he had first impressed the people, by his hypocrisy, that his mission was a divinely appointed one, and after he had obtained a firm footing on the island. Then and only then could he afford to disregard all Bulls and all obligations.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

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### Blossoms.

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JOHN M. LILLY, 1901.

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Sense of past youth and manhood—come in vain!  
And genius given and knowledge won—in vain!  
And all that I have culled in wood-walks wild,  
And all that patient toil has reared, and all  
Commune with thee has opened out—but flowers  
Strewed on my hearse and scattered on my bier,  
In the same coffin for the self-same grave.

Seated in my study, this cold December day, the earth is dreary. The frost has formed many fantastic shapes on my window, that harmonize with my gloomy spirits. My favorite author no longer interests me, and lies forgotten on my knee. The birds that once sang cheerily in the neighboring trees have departed to a warmer clime, and have drawn my spirit with them; for I can think only of spring. Arising I scrape some of the frost from the window. Snow everywhere; and still snowing, filling every niche and crevice with its crystal flakes. What a contrast! Two short months ago the earth was clothed in her most gorgeous costume. To-day she is cold and desolate.

How we love summer, when, sheltered by a kindly cloud, we lie on the soft grass amidst the daisies, and listen to the murmuring of the wind through the trees. How much we

love flowers in all their summer pomp and plenitude, not for any reason except that when we are with them we are happy. Our eye is full, our ear is full, our whole soul is filled to overflowing with joy.

Flowers truly are the earth's most beautiful production. They are nature's smiles; they revive after rain as smiles after tears; they live in the sunshine as smiles live in happiness. They are nature's paintings, most beautiful in form, and representing, far better than the greatest artist, the most delicate tints and colours. They are found in all parts of the world. The cruel snows of the Alps can not crush out the sturdy Alpine rose, nor the heat of the torrid zone burn out its own beautiful flowers.

To the farmer they are the gems of the earth. In the city they are cherished as jewels. What is more beautiful than the green fields dotted here and there with blossoms, or the houses and fences enamelled by the clinging rose, or the lake hidden by water-lilies!

The use of flowers is universal. They enliven the sick-room, bringing peace to the invalid; they bloom majestically on our altars, and they are the last token of friendship toward the dead. Since the time of Chaucer they have been the favourite theme for poets, and they furnish abundant material for the artist.

Bring flowers to crown the cup and lute;  
Bring flowers the bride is near;  
Bring flowers to soothe the captive's cell;  
Bring flowers to strew the bier.

This world without flowers would be a vast wilderness, a desert without an oasis, a palace without ornaments. How eagerly we watch for the first buds on the trees, which foretell the coming of summer and the return of the flowers to gladden our hearts and stimulate our ambition.

In every flower that blooms around,  
Some pleasing emblem we may trace;  
Young love is in the myrtle found,  
And memory in the pansy's grace.  
Peace in the olive branch we see,  
Hope in the half-shut iris glows,  
In the bright laurel, victory,  
And lovely woman in the rose.

Without flowers we should be deprived of our greatest sources of joy, of our perfumes and jewels. I turned away from the window, thinking of the beautiful lines of Wordsworth.

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, its fears;  
To me the meanest flower that blooms can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

#### Books and Magazines.

THE CHILHOOD OF JI-SHIB, THE OJIBWA. By Albert Ernest Jenks. Published by The American Thresherman, Madison, Wis. Price \$1.00.

This story (Ji-Shib, she-sheeb-duck) shows a thorough acquaintance with the aboriginal character in the various phases of child-life. The author has the knack of spiriting his reader from the white man's surroundings, and introducing him into the home and playground of the red man's children. The word-painting is striking, the folk lore reliable and the marginal illustrations in keeping with the story.

—The Two Stowaways by Mary G. Bone-steel, D. H. McBride and Co, Akron, O., is a story of the adventures of two American boys who stole their way to the Philippines on a troop ship, and served a campaign under General Lawton. The story is entertainingly told, and is full of incident, historic and romantic. It will please every boy or girl who admires the strenuous life; and what one of them does not?

—The object of the *American Catholic Historical Researches* and the *Records of the American Catholic Historical Society* is sufficiently plain from their titles. Great good will come from their efforts to set aright misconceptions of Catholic belief and of the Catholic attitude toward the civil power now and in the past.

In the *Researches* there is a vindication of Roger Williams in regard to the charge of religious intolerance. It is shown that the sturdy Roger was not the author of the anti-Catholic exception clause in the laws of colonial Rhode Island.

The extracts in the *Records* from colonial documents, denouncing the "monster of iniquity" and the "mischiefs of popery," seem like an echo from the distant past, from a day that is happily dead.

The *Annals of Our Lady of Lourdes* is a sixteen-page pamphlet gotten out at Notre Dame for the benefit of members of the Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception. It contains the monthly report of the Rev. Director and a record of the cures reported from Lourdes together with some very good verse and prose of a devotional nature. It is refreshing to read this little pamphlet in these days when a constantly increasing crowd studies to divest itself of religious beliefs and of those sweet religious practices which it neither appreciates nor understands.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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### The Board of Editors.

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Reporters.

"Ancient City," would he not by following the advice gain more thereby? On the other hand, one who is too much given to historical or scientific subjects could more profitably take to literature. But the tendency is to take up the easy and pleasant: that is fiction and poetry.

Valuable books on history and economics may be fallen on by chance, but usually they are never heard of until the student is in his junior or senior year, and maybe not then. As a consequence of this neglect one enters a class for which he is entirely unprepared. Then the results of his efforts are rather unsatisfactory to himself, and entirely so to his professor, who, perforce, must begin his course of instruction by taking it for granted that his pupil knows a little about the subject.

—In an article lately published, Mr. Grover Cleveland has given utterance to his views on a young man's relation to politics. We are astonished that the two great ex-presidents, representing both parties, share the prevailing misgivings over our recent changes of governmental policy. "The problems confronting us," says Mr. Cleveland, "are the gravest and most vital that have ever arisen. The results of the war are so shaping themselves as to shake the bosom of good men with fear. Monopoly, secured through pools and trusts, gripes the men of our land. Class legislation for the benefit of a few industries is brooding. Such are the rocks before us on which breakers are lashed to foam. Never before has the ship of state been in so dire need of trustworthy pilots."

Mr. Cleveland's point, that young men should affiliate themselves with a party, is not well taken. If any lesson has become apparent in politics, it is that campaigns are a bungling means of presenting an issue to the voters—subversive of intelligent decision. We bundle together a lot of old traditions, legislative acts and the names of a few dead statesmen with a set of incongruous but living questions, and christen the medley this or that party. There is little need, then, to wonder why we deal more in prejudice than reason at election time.

In proportion as platforms grow more complex in times of turmoil, the chances of anybody's finding in any one an expression of *all* his opinions diminishes. Accordingly the outcome of an election is less in accord

—A young man entering college has a vague notion that it is well for him to read. Usually he has no idea at all of what he ought to read. With due deference for the opinions of more experienced minds, we think the tyro should take up those subjects for which he has the smallest liking. And for two reasons: that he may have more time for his regular classes, and that he may get an understanding of matters that otherwise he should have to come by later on, or not get at all. If a student begins to look into a subject he has but little taste for, he will not pursue it ardently enough to interfere with the time that ought to be given to his set course. For instance, if a young man has a strong liking for fiction and poetry at the commencement of his college days there is danger that if he reads works of this kind he will be tempted to give more than his leisure time to the pleasant task. By doing so he will, in a measure, unfit his mind for grasping mathematical, scientific or economical truths. In fact, he may develop a confirmed aversion for these logical and more instructive studies. Suppose the freshman with rather strong literary leaning instead of being told to read Scott, Tennyson or Thackeray, is advised to look into Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," or De Coulanges'

with the people's wish. To gain victory for one principle another must be sacrificed. Organization, of course, can not be dispensed with in any effort, but the practice of permanently joining a party the workings of which extend over a long period and comprise new issues taken on as they present themselves, is fraught with harm more serious than the advantages accruing therefrom.

We have repudiated the doctrine of the divine right of kings and kindred survivals of patriarchal rule. We have agreed that the right to govern is vested in the people. In our efforts, however, to make our government conform to the wish of the majority, we have succeeded only in part. Honesty in public affairs, if it can be had, will do much toward solving present difficulties. Lasting good will come from a step toward more direct legislation.

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#### Work of our Baseball Aspirants.

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The baseball squad, consisting of about twenty-five men, has been out for the past week, and judging from the material, Notre Dame will again be represented on the diamond by a good team. Of last year's champions there are Captain Donahoe, O'Neill, Lynch, Morgan, Campbell and Farley, all of whom have shown up for practice. Among the new candidates, there are several Varsity probabilities. Everyone out for practice should play as well as he can. The good-will of the players and hard and consistent practice have made us what we are in the baseball field. In former years we were able to secure the services of a coach, this year our efforts proved fruitless. On Captain Donahoe has fallen a difficult task. To coach a team is no easy matter. Now, boys, kindly co-operate with Matt, and work faithfully. We appreciate the improvement you are making, but don't stop here. There is plenty of room for improvement, and don't forget the old saying, "Practice makes perfect."

As a recompense for this practice, which may at first prove to be not the most agreeable thing in the world, the contestant, who is fortunate enough to secure a place on the team, has the honor of representing his University, on the diamond. A man who has the true college spirit will get out, and he himself, though not an expert athlete, can, by the example of hard work, spur on the other contestants.

#### A Resume of Track Work.

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The track team is beginning to show improvement under the watchful eye of Moulton. Should we be so lucky as to meet with no accidents, similar to those that befell Corcoran last year, we have strong chances of success.

The training quarters are filled with athletes, men willing to work hard and conscientiously; but out of the entire field there is no one that can hold Corcoran down in the forty-yard dash. Last year we had O'Shaughnessy, Fox and O'Brien. It may be that Corcoran is faster this year—even if he is, Moulton must work hard to develop fast men for this short dash. Clyne and Noonan are doing good work, and there is no reason why they should not show their heels to many a competitor, before the indoor season closes.

In the quarter-mile dash, we have more and better material. Here, too, Moulton must use all his tact and skill to turn willing men into prize winners. Corcoran, Uffendal, Murphy, Herbert and Staples, are valuable men, but none of them are in the best of condition.

We are seriously handicapped in the one-half mile, one mile and two mile runs, as we have but two men for these events, Uffendal and Steele. Uffendal has done fast time in all three events, and Steele has shown his mettle, winning the half-mile run against Chicago and Illinois last year.

Herbert, Hoover and Kirby are the three men we depend upon for the hurdles. Herbert and Hoover are experienced, but Kirby is comparatively a new man.

In the field we are much stronger than on the track. With Powers, Eggeman, Pick, Glynn, Murphy, Kearney, McCullough, Sullivan and Richon, we should make any team in the West work for points. Powers has been keeping a watchful eye on the high jumpers and pole vaulters. His second day out, Glynn cleared five feet six inches in the high jump, and Kearney ten feet in the pole vault. Powers and Eggeman have put the indoor shot thirty nine feet.

We expect much of our athletic team, but we should not expect too much. We have some good material, but we have not enough. Besides we must allow for "Charley hosses," "break-downs," and other ills an athlete is subject to. But one thing we are sure of, and that is, the track team will give a good account of itself at the end of the season.

## The Tyrolean Concert Troupe.

## Exchanges.

The concert given last Monday by the Tyrolean Concert Troupe was one of those light and amusing entertainments that even the soberest enjoy at times. There was nothing soul-absorbing in the music that might exhaust the listeners, but on the contrary it was so full of mirth that the most earnest student forgot his classes for the time being. The Director, Herr C. Meier, chose twelve pieces from a numbered programme. Those selections were the best that the whole troupe rendered in unison, as, "From the Dachstein's Height," "Sunday Morning in the Alps," and the "Merry Singers."

There were a few good zither solos given by Herr Godez, who certainly is master of his instrument. Three members of the company gave an ingenious exhibition on what they termed a glass orchestra, which was nothing more than sixty or seventy glasses so arranged that the performers by passing their dampered and resined fingers around the rims could produce co-ordinated sounds.

The Xylophone solos rendered by Fraulein Emma Meier were well received by the juvenile portion of the audience. The same young lady played on a wood harp. The melody produced by the fraulein on this instrument was not, on the whole, soul-soothing, but still she deserves credit that she could bring forth notes at all from so crude an affair.

There was a good deal of amusement in a piece called "The Rivals," where two maidens were bidding for one man. Herr Swoboda, who was the man in the case, added to the drollness of the little scene by the richness of his Tyrolean accent.

The variegated costumes of the troupe lent a sprightliness to the entertainment. The ladies were clothed in the gay and particolored dress of the mountain-climbing Tyrol maid. This dress seemed very appropriate while they sang their mountain songs or the "Beautiful Blue Danube," but was rather unsuited to some selections, as Miss Myra Bennett's "A Little Bit of String." The male members of the company had on such a costume as Andreas-Hofer, the hero of the Tyrol, might have worn. But still it took an effort of the imagination to picture Herr Swoboda, who weighs about two hundred pounds, as a mountain climber. Incongruities of this kind, however, added to the general amusement.

The editorials and the exchange column of the *Sacred Heart Collegian* breathe a healthful atmosphere, and are in strong contrast to the criticisms of books which go to fill many a column. Very often such criticisms are not keen enough, but are merely a skimming. In the opening piece of verse we noticed this line:

The chill gust shakes the window-sash.

Somebody has said that in poetry "neither window-sash nor wash-tub move in good society." This inapt word does not much affect the poem, which is fairly true in its movement and sentiment.

\* \* \*

The editorial pages of the *Queen's University Journal* show a rare depth of cynical humor seldom found in an University publication. The style is smooth and easy, and the cynicism not brutal, but keen and penetrating. It bears a resemblance to Thackeray's. Perhaps the editor is a strong admirer of this master novelist. Some of the editorials are more after the form of essays than editorials; but we forget this departure from the path of formality in the cleverness of the production.

\* \* \*

Many of our exchanges have a weakness for filling their columns with essays—not with literary essays full of cleverness and originality, but with papers that treat of scientific, historical or philosophical problems. For the clever literary essay—that which "does not pursue its theme like a pointer, but goes hither and thither like a bird to find material for its nest, or a bee to get honey for its comb,"—we have nothing but admiration; but with the *quasi* essay, the dissertation or tract, it is another story. And when one whose years and experience militate against original research, or clear deductions, turns loose on us a tract on the *Summa* of St. Thomas, a dissertation on Ethics, or on Good Government, it seems as if he is but giving us the benefit of recently acquired knowledge, and harrows the ground other men have plowed. The January *Bee* does not exactly do this, but it is too full of stuff that one possessing little of originality could write. The articles are well treated; but after all, is it not better for one to use his talent on a literary essay or a short story? The quatrain on "Death" is very fanciful.

J. J. S.

## The Gymnasium Building-Fund.

Wilton C. Smith, Chicago, Ill.....	\$100
The Rev. P. A. Baart, Marshall, Mich.....	25
Friend, Notre Dame, Ind.....	100
Friend, South Bend, Ind.....	1000
W. A. McAdams, Williamsport, Ind.....	25
The Very Rev. F. O'Brien, Kalamazoo, Mich.....	50
George Cartier, Luddington, Mich.....	25
J. G. Kutina, Chicago, Ill.....	1
O. H. Woods, Avon, Ill.....	1
Lucius Hubbard, South Bend, Ind.....	50
Dr. F. Schlink, New Riegel, Ohio.....	5
Chute Bros., Minneapolis, Minn.....	10
F. T. Slevin, Peoria, Ill.....	10
The Rev. A. Messman, Laporte, Ind.....	25
O. Chamberlain, Elkhart, Ind.....	10
T. T. Ansberry, Defiance, Ohio.....	5
The Rev. P. J. Crawley, Lebanon, Ind.....	20
W. H. Welch, Chicago, Ill.....	10
Miss Lizzie Ryan, Philadelphia.....	5
William P. Grady, Chicago.....	10
William P. Breen, Fort Wayne, Ind.....	100
A. M. Jelonak, Chicago, Ill.....	2
Ed. W. Robinson, Chicora, Wayne Co., Miss.....	15
Gilbert F. McCullough, Davenport, Iowa.....	10
A. M. Prichard, Charleston, W. Va.....	10
Friend, Lafayette, Ind.....	5
Austin O'Malley, Notre Dame, Ind.....	10
John H. Sullivan (for son John, St. Edward's) Valparaiso, Ind.....	25
Peter F. Casey (for son Grover, St. Edward's) Chicago, Ill.....	25
J. A. Creighton, Omaha.....	250
Durand & Kasper, Chicago.....	100
Augustin Kegler, Bellevue, Ill.....	5
John C. Ellsworth, South Bend, Ind.....	100
Alfred Duperier, New Iberia, La.....	5
G. T. Meehan, Monterrey, Mexico.....	50
The Rev. E. P. Murphy, Portland, Ore.....	10
F. C. Downer (for son Henry and nephew Edward Kelly, St. Edward's Hall) Atlanta, Ga.....	50
Earl W. Brown, Sheldon, Iowa.....	5
Edward C. Brown, Sheldon, Iowa.....	5
Wyman & Co., South Bend, Ind.....	100
E. A. Zeitler, Notre Dame.....	5
The Rev. N. J. Mooney, Chicago, Ill.....	50
A. J. Galen, Helena, Mont.....	5
Samuel T. Murdock, LaFayette, Ind.....	100
The Rev. Francis C. Kelley, Lapeer, Mich.....	15
Frank B. O'Brien, Sorin Hall.....	25
Patrick Murphy, Chebanse, Ill.....	10
N. K. and W. H. Mills, Thornton, Ind.....	5
The Rev. Timothy O'Sullivan, Cheltenham, Ill.....	100
D. A. Hanagan, Chicago, Ill.....	25
Granville Tinnin, Rushville, Neb.....	25
John and Mrs. Dougherty, Beaver Meadow, Pa.....	1
Michael Hastings, South Bend, Ind.....	25
August Fack (for his son in Carroll Hall) Helena, Montana.....	10
P. T. Barry, Chicago, Ill.....	50
James M. Brady, Windfield, Kansas.....	10
A. Friend, Boston, Mass.....	20
The Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, Chicago, Ill.....	50
Louis J. Herman, Evansville, Ind.....	5
Mr. and Mrs. Herbert (for sons Martin and George).....	25
Friend from Umatilla, Mexico.....	10
Robert A. O'Hara, Hamilton, Montana.....	10
John P. Lauth, Chicago, Ill.....	25
Friend in South Bend.....	50
Friend who will not allow his name mentioned	250
Miss Ella Murray, Philadelphia, Penn.....	3
Sherman Steele, Indianapolis, Ind.....	10
Dr. James J. Creswell, Galena, Ill.....	1
Carol Von Phul, St. Edward's Hall, N. D.....	10

## Games.

## BROWNSON WINS AT CULVER—24 to 2.

The Brownson Hall Basket-ball Team went down to Culver last Saturday and treated Culver's rooters to the fastest exhibition of basket-ball seen there so far this season. The Culver team had already given some of the best minor teams in the West the hardest kind of a tussle and expected to literally smother the Brownsonites. But the brilliant work of one Mr. Thielman at guard, and one Captain Cox at centre, and the persistency of Messrs. Groogan, Richon and Kelly in throwing goals, soon made it plain to the Culver men that they were up against the hardest proposition of the season. However, despite the large score piled up by the Brownsonites, the game was interesting all the way through. It was also a very clean game, but one foul being made.

In the first few minutes of play Culver had everything her own way, and for a while it looked as if our boys were out of the race. But they soon braced up, and five minutes after play had begun Groogan threw the first goal. From that time on to the end of the first half it was easy sailing, with the score standing Brownson, 10; Culver, 0.

In the second half, Culver started out with a rush, and secured her first goal after a few minutes' play, but the Brownsonites steadied down once more, and succeeded in adding fourteen points more to their score. Our boys electrified the Culver rooters during this half by their brilliant team work and skill in throwing goals.

The line-up was as follows:

BROWNSON HALL	CULVER M. A.
Groogan	R F
Kelly	L F
Cox, Cap't	C.
Richon	R G
Thielman	L G
Substitutes, B. H.—Moon, Hunter; Culver, Krane, Lawkins, McCroll. Goals from field, B. H.—Groogan, 5; Richon, 4; Kelley, 2; Cox, 2. Culver, Crawford, 1.	
Umpires, Newman, Cornell; Referee, Moon; Timekeeper, Montgomery.	

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## CARROLL vs. SOUTH BEND Y. M. C. A.

The Carroll Hall Basket-ball Team defeated the South Bend Y. M. C. A. team in the Brownson gym last Wednesday evening before the largest crowd of the season. The game was interesting, and was only cinched by the Car-

rollites during the last few minutes of play, when Crowley threw three difficult goals, Carroll obtained a good lead in the first third, but in the second third the Y. M. C. A. played them to a standstill, and aided by fouls and Warner's skill in throwing goals, narrowed the lead down to a couple of points. In the last third, however, the visitors were prevented from scoring chiefly through Captain Quinlan's work, while Crowley added six more points to the credit of the Carrollites. Every man on the Carroll Hall team played good ball, but special notice must be made of Captain Quinlan's splendid work at guard, and Crowley's feat of throwing three difficult goals in succession. Warner and Barrett did the best work for the Y. M. C. A. team.

## LINE-UP.

CARR <sup>OLL</sup> HALL		S. B. Y. M. C. A.
Quinlan, Cap't	R G	Wagner
Geraghty	L G	Dolph, Bredemus
Farabaugh, Medley	C.	Drollinger, Cap't
Crowley	R F	Warner
Strong, Weidmann	L F	Barrett

Goals from field, C. H., Farabaugh, 2; Weidmann, 2; Crowley, 4. S. B. Y. M. C. A., Warner, 1; Barret, 1. Goals from fouls, C. H., none; S. B. Y. M. C. A., Warner, 3. Umpires, Hayes and Cornell. Referee, Winters. Time of thirds, 20, 10, and 10 minutes.

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## THE JUNIORS' TRACK MEET.

An interesting contest between two track teams from Carroll Hall came off in the gym last Thursday. The captains were Crowley and Strong. Strong's team was the winner by a score of 58½ to 30½.

Those who saw the events were amazed at the records established by the young athletes; and if Carroll Hall keeps on in the good work there is a probability of their winning the inter-hall championship. The following is a summary of the events and their winners:

40 yard low hurdles—Quinlan, first; Crowley, second; Strong, third. Time, 6 seconds.

High jump—Quinlan, first; Crowley, second; McCormick, third. Height, 4 feet 11½ inches.

40 yard dash—Reichardt, first; Quinlan, second; Riley, third. Time, 5 seconds.

Putting 12 lb. shot—McCormick, first; Dolan, second; Quinlan, third. Distance, 36 feet 5 inches.

880 yard run—Strong, first; Williams, second; Wagner, third. Time, 2 minutes 53 2-5 seconds.

Pole Vault—No competition, points divided. Weidmann and Taylor, tie.

220 yard dash—Richardt, first; Straus, second; Strong, third. Time, 26 seconds.

Broad jump—Quinlan, first; Reichardt, second; Crowley, third. Distance, 18 feet 3½ inches.

440 yard dash—Dolan, first; McCormick, second; Farabaugh, third. Time, 1 minute 4 1-5 seconds.

Relay race won by Farabaugh, Strong, Quinlan and Reichardt.

A comparison of the records made in Thursday's meet with those of last year show an improvement.

Reichardt ran the 40 yard dash in five seconds flat as against 5 1-5 seconds last year. This is excellent time for a youngster.

Quinlan in the running broad jump cleared 18 feet 3½ inches as against 17 feet 11 inches in the meet held last March. He broke his record of 4 feet 9½ in the high jump, and established a new one of 4 feet 11½ inches. In many events the boy shows a wonderful improvement. If he continues to develop as fast as he has been it is but a question of a few years till the best athletes here will have to reckon on him as a competitor for honors.

The three who had the highest number of points are Quinlan, who stands first with 20½; Reichardt, second with 14½ and McCormick, third with 9. The best point winners in Thursday's meet will form a picked track team to compete against the South Bend High School on February 16.

## College Athletic Body is Formed.

The above heading appeared in the Chicago morning papers of Friday, and beneath it we found the following explanation:

Members of the graduate committee of the nine conference colleges and universities met at the Union restaurant last night to hear the report of the subcommittee which was appointed to draw up a constitution for the new Western Track and Field Association, which the members of the conference have organized. A constitution very similar to the old W. I. A. A. document was read and approved by the conference committee last night and the association is now assured.

The article stated further that the nine universities that had formed the new organization would make provision for the admission of other colleges when these institutions made sufficiently good showings. We also learned that the New Field and Track Association was originated by committees of professors from the nine universities that have formed it, and that the student representatives of the same universities were not in harmony with them because the new association excludes deserving smaller colleges.

The object of the new organization is to raise the standard of track athletics in the West, and the men who suggested it thought this result could be obtained only by excluding the smaller institutions from charter membership.

The smaller schools will be asked to compete in the Western Meet, but they can not become members of the association until the large institutions grant them admission. The big nine are Chicago, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, Iowa, Northwestern, Purdue and

We infer from the article that all that Notre Dame will be asked to do to gain admission into the new association will be to make a good showing. Well, we will do that with a vengeance. We learn from another source that Notre Dame is to be admitted anyhow before any of the other colleges that are not now included in the big nine.

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#### Local Items.

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—Get your bicycles ready!

—“Totally erroneous” knocks out Teddy’s “Strenuously.”

—There are no flies on the new fire-escapes as they are protected with a fly-netting.

—Several friends have volunteered to lend Harry a fiddle, and several of their friends hope that he won’t take it.

—Lottie says he never felt so much like taking a sleigh ride in his life as he did last Wednesday afternoon.

—Sunday, February 3, is the Feast of Saint Blasius, bishop and martyr. Throats will be blessed immediately after eight o’clock Mass.

—The firm of Corcoran and Lins will take time by the chin whiskers to-morrow and have all Sunday papers up and ready before breakfast.

—Brownson *vs.* Corby, basket-ball game for the championship of the Halls in Brownson gym to-night. Don’t miss it. It will be the most exciting game of the year.

—The Rev. Francis Kelly spoke on “The Yankee Volunteer” in Washington Hall this afternoon. An account of his lecture will be given in next week’s SCHOLASTIC.

—The Catholic students received Holy Communion on February 1, the first Friday of the month. Rev. Father French, Vice-President, was the celebrant of the early Mass.

—The Feast of the Purification was observed at the University to-day by the celebration of High Mass by the Reverend Father Fitte. There was a solemn procession and blessing of candles.

—The Law Debating Society met in the Law Room last Saturday evening. There were a number of sketches by Messrs. Cleary, Sullivan, O’Neill Mitchell and Highstone. Colonel Hoynes gave a short talk on the life of Sergeant Prentice, the famous lawyer.

—Phil Weiss, director of gymnastics, had many of the students trying the strength tests

this week. John Eggeman made the highest record; his total sum for the various tests being 487 kilogrammes, or, 3,271.4 lbs. J. Fred Powers was next, running up a total of 1397 kilos, or, 3,073.4 lbs. P. J. Corcoran was third.

—If you want to hear some good singing and banjo playing, come up to the third flat, north wing, any night. We understand the young man moved into the neighborhood because he had too many callers where he lived. It seems he is now lonesome, and wishes to pass off the weary hours with a song and dance on the banjo.

—There will be a meeting of the Law Debating Society on Saturday evening, February 2, at which the following subject will be debated: Resolved, That the United States ought, in furtherance of the public welfare, to construct the Nicaragua Canal at the earliest date practicable. The affirmative will be supported by Messrs. O’Meara and Yockey, the negative by Messrs. Gallagher and Kuppler.

—One of the most interesting cases, tried this session, occupied the attention of the Moot-Court all day Thursday. It was the case of State *vs.* White. White was charged with murder and pleaded self-defense. McInerny and Mitchell represented the State, and Hanhauser and Highstone the defendant. The jury consisted of E. Oide, J. Dubbs, W. H. Cameron, E. Wigley, S. Jennings and Raymond Stephan. The prisoner was found guilty of murder in the second degree and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

—The “Navigators” are in very bad shape this week. Their bark has been tossed by the waves of adversity and lashed by the billows of remorse. The chaplain, J. M., and midshipman J. L. have fallen sick. Until J. M. is well the spiritual welfare of the crew will be in the hands of Albert K. who is acting chaplain. Past deeds, and memories of deeds of the past, unfit J. H. and B. O’C. for active service. As yet they are unable to go aloft. The cause of the general calamity is, J. J. S., who, while eating his plum-duff in the forecastle, told about a cow that strained her own milk.

—The rattle of an alarm clock caused a slight commotion in the refectory Wednesday evening at supper. The facts in the case are as follows: A young man by the name of Timothy met our legal friend from Escanaba on the way to supper. Timothy gave the legal light an alarm clock, which he said he was after taking from Jack Mullin’s room for a joke. The Escanabian thought he would be in the joke, and put the alarm clock in his pocket. Now as a matter of fact, the alarm was set to go off at a quarter to seven, and the joke was to be on the Escanabian, and not on Jack Mullin, as our legal friend supposed. Sure enough, when the big hand of the clock in the Escanabian’s pocket reached nine off goes the alarm like a trick-hammer, and it

was several seconds before those in the refectory realized whether they were in bed or eating supper.

MOTTO: Remember you're not the only joker on earth.

—The night was dark and stormy. The wind rattled against the windows with monotonous regularity, and still our hero slumbered on. Suddenly a wild shriek rent the air, then another, and another, and another, each one following the other with frightful rapidity and also with increased vigor. Pandemonium reigned and all was confusion. Stubbs fainted, Smith, likewise. Joyce tried to pray but could not. Kirby fell out the window and landed on his ear. Farragher grabbed his red socks and yelled fire. McGlew was going out the window when he recollects leaving his mustache behind, and went back after it only to find it limp and lifeless on the floor. Finally quiet was restored by Cox announcing in solemn tones that it was only the wind playing a tattoo on the dome that had disturbed their slumber, and everyone went back to slumber some more. An hour later they were awakened by the same dreadful sound closely followed by the sound of a familiar voice shouting out in accents tremulous yet sad to hear—"Sa-ay! Doo co - - ck - - ro - - aches bite?"

MORAL:—Beware of the man with the—

—"There are more ways than one to build up an educational institution," remarked our friend Dubbs as he sat in the "rec" room gazing vacantly out upon the St. Joe campus. He has been complaining of a violent headache, and it is rumored that he doesn't see things rightly since he came from the Infirmary.

"How's that?" inquired philosophical Kenney eager to grasp any information for press.

"Well," replied Dubbs seriously, "you see all these little young houses scattered around over the university grounds? they are university slips which were planted a few weeks ago. That one out there is thriving better than any other, as you see; it has developed a well-defined fire-escape. You can see, also, on the other side, that the paint is beginning to be developed. I went out and looked inside of it yesterday and found a lot of sawdust. I suppose that is destined to become college furniture. I found also some paper there which, of course, will be converted into a library. But I'm mighty afraid it won't survive the summer." Kenney smiled and left the poor boy standing there in sadness.

BUM TARARRUM Row,  
Desk 139, Brownson Hall.

DEAR EDITOR:—I would like to make an explanation at this time which concerns me more than anyone else I can think of at present, and yet I also wish it to be made in the interests of the public at large. I have reference to a recent article published in your

worthy paper and which says, among other things, that I fell into a philosophical trance. Mr. Editor, that statement is nothing more nor less than a story invented by some precocious youth for the purpose of lowering me in the estimation of my friends. In this he has partially succeeded, for almost every "rec," hour I run across a crowd discussing my capabilities for entertaining a philosophical trance in good standing. During such discussions my name is passed about as flippantly and as lightly as if I were a common, everyday mortal. Nothing grieves me so much as to find somebody who does not appreciate my existence on this earth, and when I heard some one remark the other day that I was a conundrum I shed great big glistening teardrops down upon my manly sweater bosom and along the ridges of my cheek until I became red in the face. This is an awful condition for any young man to be found in, and I hold you responsible. It's not the tears I regret so much as the long-drawn-out expression which my physiognomy contracted during the downpour. That's where the rub comes in.

I fully realize the power of your paper for good or evil. I want to say right here that knowing this to be true, I want to be set right before the people. The statement that I was in a philosophical trance, as I said before, is an untruth, a prevarication, a lie of the deepest hue, manufactured by some ill-minded party, or parties, names unknown, with the wicked and ignominious intention of ruining my reputation as a wide-awake American citizen of the first water. Sir, I never engaged in a philosophical trance since the day of my birth, and what is more I intend never to contract such a habit. I want this distinctly understood. In closing, let me say that I do not find fault with you because the erroneous article appeared in your paper. I know what a strenuous life you lead, and I do not wish to add to your misery by abusing you; neither do I wish to be considered as striving to wipe my name out of your columns, for no one could be more tickled than I am when I see my name in print. It was partly this feeling, and partly the feeling that my friends were anxious to hear from me, that actuated me to come out in this way. Thanking you for all past favors and hoping to obtain more soon, I remain as composed as ever,

Yours Rambunkshiously,

FREDERICK M. Y. ERRS.

NOTE:—We are glad to be able to state that the person who wrote the article acknowledges his guilt. He says it was not a philosophical trance, but one of those common trances which do not require quite as much intellectual capabilities, and which are brought about in somewhat the same manner as pipe dreams. ED.